This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

TRANSFERRED TO
FINE ARTS LIBRARY

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

COONTOWN'S 400

BY

E. W. KEMBLE

NEW YORK

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

MD..CCC. XC..IX

XFA 5999.185.944.50

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

Copyright, 1899
By LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Printed in the United States.

DEDICATED,

With the affectionate regard of the author,

to

"THE LAMBS" of New York,

"THE BOHEMIANS" of San Francisco,

and

"THE SAVAGES" of London.

MISS SNOWBALL (*admiringly*): Yo' ain't much on size, Mistah Johnsing, but youah inventive genius hab obercome ouah greates' co'tship differculty.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

MISS DIDIMUS: De festivities was las' ebenin' 'stead ob dis ebenin', Mistah Jasper. Pow'ful sorry dat I cyarnt 'vite yer inside, but we is just about to retiah.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Ain't it jes' wonderful to fink all dem bricks in dat wall was laid by men."

"Mo' wonderful ef dey had been laid by hens."

"Did you evah lay anything, Mistah Rasmus?"

"I laid my heart at your feet more'n once, Miss Jonsing."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE FAT LADY ON THE HILL: Mister Wimple declines to finish de game wif you. Dat last drive ob yours hab knocked out all his front teef, and he fears he hab swallowed de ball.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

" Accordin' to de inundations of your index hand, your life has been one long splendid romance."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

MARFA: Dar's a parson moved ober ter Pine Holler, Rastus. Dey say he's pow'ful reasonable 'bout charges. He's jist j'ined a couple fo' a basket ob 'taters. Cyarn't yer devise sompfin?

RASTUS: Ah would, Marfa, on'y ah ain't got no 'taters.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE ELDER: Will you please to remove dat hen-coop what you done got on you head so dat I can obsarve de preacher?

"Hen-coop, Mister Spooner! Hen-coop! If dat strikes you as being a hen-coop den I sartinly will remove it, for wid you in de vicinity dey isn't a bird safe what's on it."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Look heah, Rufus Jackson, doan' you come around heah whistlin' dem hymn tunes wid dat sanctified 'spression on you face; ebery time you does dat dere's a melon dissapears from my patch de nex' night. Ef you wants ter avoid 'spicion, change yer tune and yer face."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

" 'Clar ter goodness, ef I didn't know dey was a chicken coop ober yonder, 'en dat bag empty, I couldn't tell ef dat Paterson man was gwine er comin'!"

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Breddern, dis am de location what your pastor hab selected fo' de new chu'ch. Does you agree wif me dat de plantin' ob our foundation heah will be an everlastin' cause ob rejoicin'?"

"'Deed we does, Br'er Pringle."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"I'se 'fraid I'se been standin' on your feet, Mister Pringle."

"I know you has, honey, and I'se been a-hopin' dat you haven't found dem too corrugated fo' you comfort."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Will half a fried chicken be sufficient, Miss Henderson?"
"It will, Mr. Close, 'less you want some."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Doan try ter insult me, Mister Pugsley, by offerin' me a life preserver like dat. I ain't used ter homœopathic treatment."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Not gwine ter meetin' dis mornin', Brer Henderson?"

"Cyarn't do it, Parson. Got ter hoe over some corn, jist planted."

"But cyarn't de corn wait?"

"Not so well as de Lord can."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"I notis you seem s'prized, Mister Henderson, but dey is making female skates so pow'ful small dis yeah, dat I had ter double ma supply or forego de pleasure."

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Pardon me, Miss Saffron, but when you oberload you'se'f wif jewels you is disguising you' nationality."

"How so, Mister Jackson?"

"You'll be took fo' a Jewess."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE TALL ONE: Speakin' ob your husban', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?

"'Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

" Why wasn't you at chu'ch dis mornin', Sistah Lucas?"

" Didn't hab no new clothes."

" De Lord doan' see you' clothes, he looks at de heart."

" G'way man, de Lord doan' hab nuffin' to do wid dem X-ray machines."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Look a yėah, Mistah Lucas, when you distended de invite fo' me ter go coastin' wid yo', did yo' reckon on de fac' dat yo' sled an' my 'cŭmberance ain't contemporaneous?"

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Look heah, yo' brack nigger, was dat yo' huggin' an' kissin' my wife behin' de elderberry bush las' night?"

"Dony yo' worry, sah. I dun had de lady's permishun."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE BOY EATING: Why doan' you fader raise melons?
THE OTHER BOY: He's got chillun ter raise.
"So's my fader. What yer specs he done raise?"
"Hawgs."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Miss Pondus, when you purchased dis hammock did you ask fo' a hammock fo' two?"

"No, honey, jes' fo' one and a half."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE COMMODORE: Indeed, Ladies, I believe dat airial nabagation is a possibility of de near future, an' dat we will be movin' fro de air.

Just then the boiler "coughed."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Fo' de Lawd, chile! What is yer up ter now? You ought ter be in bed!"

"I was, Aunt Cindy, but dat new doctor lef' some medicine what he tole me ter take and den skip an hour. I doan fink I can stan' it."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"You understand dat in dis ceremony, Peter Pewter, I promises to obey you, and you wif all your worldly goods do me endow—no doubt you recognize de fact dat in dis case dey is bofe horrible bluffs."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO

"I'se gwine ter give you gals what straddle dem wheels a good talkin' to at nex' Sunday's meetin'."

"Indeed! What you call it, de sermon on de mount?"

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

THE DOCTOR: Yo' is so pow'ful thin, Mister Cotton, dat I find it difficult to diagnosis wefer de malady am a stummikache or a backache.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

"Well, chile, what lesson has been most impressed on yer ter-day by de teacher?"

"Dat I need a thicker seat ter my pants."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

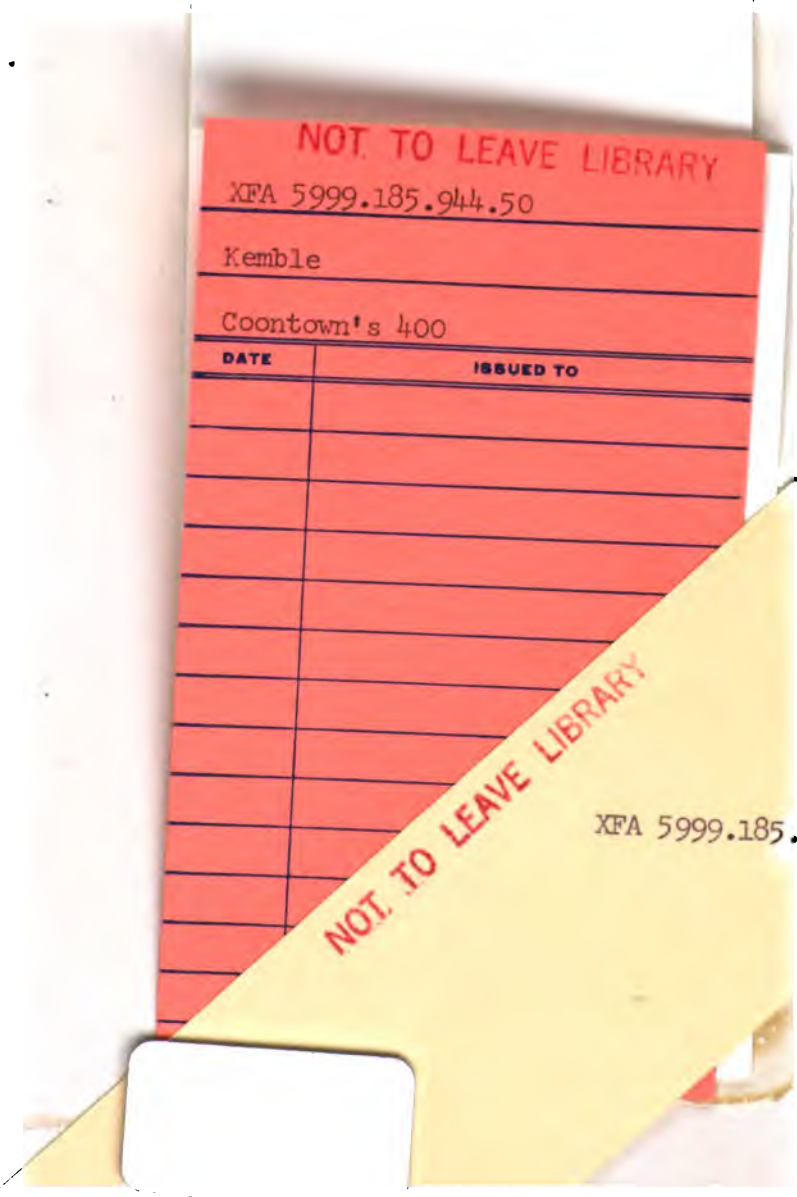
"Why yo' use dat ol' cannon foh er stove?"

"Kase I wants ter burn all kinds ob fire-wood, whethah hits loaded wid gunpowdah or not. Dar's some pow'ful mean wite folks in dis vicinerty, deacon, an' hits bes' to be on de safe side."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO

" Now we'll see ef dat sawed-off Peterson man kin escape de issue dis time."

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.


NOT TO LEAVE LIBRARY
XFA 5999.185.944.50
Kemble
Coontown's 400
DATE
ISSUED TO
NOT TO LEAVE LIBRARY
XFA 5999.185.944.50